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PANAMA HYMN

BY PERCY MACKAYE

LORD of the sundering land and deep,
For whom of old, to suage thy wrath,
The floods stood upright as a heap
To shape thy host a dry-shod path,

Lo, now, from tide to sundered tide
Thy hand, outstretched in glad release,
Hath torn the eternal hills aside
To blaze a liquid path for Peace.

Thy hand, englaived in flaming steel,
Hath clutched the demons of the soil
And made their forge-fires roar and reel
To serve thy seraphim in toil;

While round their pits the nations, bowed,
Have watched thine awful enginery
Compel, through thunderbolt and cloud,
The demigods to slave for thee.

For thee hath glaring Cyclops sweat,
And Atlas groaned, and Hercules
For thee his iron sinews set,
And thou wast lord of Rameses;

Till now they pause, to watch thy hand
Lead forth the first leviathan
Through mazes of the jungled land,
Submissive to the will of man:

Submissive through the will of us
To thine, the universal will,
That leads, divine and devious,
To world-communions vaster still.

The titans rest; intense, aware,
The host of nations dumbly waits;
The mountains lift their brows and stare;
The tides are knocking at the gates.

Almighty of the human mind,
Unlock the portals of our sleep
That lead to visions of our kind,
And marry sundered deep to deep!
PERCY MACKAYE.

SLEEP

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

Poor pain-worn mortal, dost thou weep?
Awhile thy troubled patience keep.
Night cometh surely. Thou shalt sleep.

Take up thy burden. Is the day
Too long for thy lost courage? Nay:
Night will o'ertake thee by the way.

Thou shalt not hear; thou shalt not see;
But better than death will come to thee,
For, living, thou shalt cease to be.

Better than death, for none hath told
Death's consequence. And death may hold
Undreamed-of terrors manifold.

Death may be gain, or may be woe.
Sleep hath no may-be. Sleep we know.
It is, it was, and shall be so.

No law, no conscience doth it keep
Within its unimpassioned deep.
Nor time, nor space, nor sin hath Sleep.

To sleep is to unlive; to be
As thou hadst never been; to free
Thyself from all that maketh thee;

Nothing but nothingness to know;
To be unborn without a throe—
Uncreate at a pangless blow.

Then ye who fear, and ye who weep,
A few short hours your patience keep.
God must be good. For God made Sleep.

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.